

## (careful) what you wish for by hoppnhorn

**Series:** [Kinktober \[9\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M, Multi

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things)

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-10-13

**Updated:** 2018-10-13

**Packaged:** 2022-04-23 02:48:58

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,992

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

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“Ohhhh.” Billy leaves Steve entirely, turns his whole body towards Tommy. “Did you look in the window, Tommy boy? Did you peek?”

Steve can’t *breathe* because the look on Tommy’s face says he *had* and the idea that he’d watched them, or *hell* even just *seen* them, is making Steve’s cock throb.

“What did you see?” He asks, stroking himself through his shorts now, no longer giving a *shit* whether or not Tommy is uncomfortable because the time for politely passing on whatever the fuck is happening between the three of them is long over. He’s still sitting there. Tommy’s made his choice.

## (careful) what you wish for

### Author's Note:

Day 12 - Threesome

aka Tommy's always wanted a piece of Steve and Billy's nice enough to sort of share. for a bit.

aka Billy's shameless and Steve gets to benefit.

Getting fucked by Tommy is not a stretch. He's actually pretty sure he could *fuck* Tommy, like since the eighth grade when the guy had reached over during a game of Mario Kart and stroked Steve's dick through his shorts and kind of looked at him like *are you going to punch me or touch my dick too?*

Turned out neither had happened because Tommy's older sister had appeared with a tray full of pizza rolls and like, *who* can think about sex when pizza rolls are involved?

Not a couple of thirteen-year-olds.

After that, it'd never really come up again. Plus the whole Carol thing had picked up some speed when she'd upped the ante and sucked Tommy's dick in the bathroom during freshman orientation. That had been like, the biggest breakthrough of all time between the two of them, even though Steve had already been blown by Jessica Ramsey, a *sophomore*, at a football game the year before.

But he's still about ninety percent sure Tommy is bi-curious, if not full blown *bisexual*.

Like, he's pretty sure the guy has at least, *thought* about having sex with him. Or gets off on the idea, anyway.

Summer of their sophomore year, he's pretty sure Tommy was *trying* to start something. In the middle of the night, during one of their last sleepovers before it got *weird* to have sleepovers, Carol must have snuck in the back door while Steve was asleep. Like, Tommy had *definitely* planned that shit, telling her to show up late so they could

fuck without *parents* around because Steve's house is always empty and well, who cares if *Steve* catches them. It's just Steve.

But *Steve* had woken up to Tommy eating Carol's cunt like it was a Christmas ham and nearly lost his shit. Which, in hindsight, he's sorta glad he'd stayed still and actually thought through the decision to roll over and catch his friends en flagrante.

Any *rational* person would have rolled over and said *what the fuck* and caused a complete *scene* . But instead he'd just laid there and listened while his best friend licked the bowl and made his girlfriend cry into a pillow. Laid there and wondered why Tommy hadn't stayed downstairs, fucked Carol on the couch or in his parents' bedroom, because it's not like the guy has *boundaries* clearly.

But no, he's brought Carol all the way back to Steve's room, put her down on the roll-away, if the squeaking is anything to go by, and got down to business while Steve slept less than five feet away.

So he's lying there, staring at his bedroom wall while Tommy gets his dick wet and makes little grunting sounds, and all the while he's thinking about how Tommy must have *wanted* all of this to go down. Like, was the guy an actual *idiot* ? Thinking that Steve could sleep through the sound of sloppy sex and creaky bed springs when he can't even sleep with a fan on?

The conclusion was no. No, Tommy knew that Steve was probably awake, listening to his two closest friends churn butter, stroking a semi in his boxers because *duh* what guy isn't hard from listening to full-blown *fucking* when he's still growing into his new sex drive and hasn't had a good romp in freaking *weeks* .

Not that sex was anything more than jack-rabbing into some poor girl's pussy while he tries to find her clit and not *come* before he finishes alphabet in his head.

No, the sex Steve had and the sex Tommy had were on two different levels.

Mostly because Steve has always had a thing for *guys* and Tommy has always just been into, well.

Fucking.

Which is why Steve's fairly certain, if he'd rolled over and expressed any level of interest in the events unfolding in his own freaking *bedroom* , Tommy would have been more than happy to let him join in.

Oh how the tables turn.

They aren't nearly as tight as they were in high school, but Tommy claps him on the back in front of people and calls Steve his *buddy* so he's fairly certain their friendship is well on it's way back to adequate.

Good enough that they guy has started bringing over weed and trying to make nice, like he's sorry for being a douchebag and making Steve's senior year a fucking mess.

Tommy had always been a dick, but when aimed in Steve's direction, Steve had gained a new appreciation for just how much of an *asshole* Tommy turned into when he was unhappy. Like a pissy toddler who'd had his toy taken away, lashing out at anyone or anything until the status quo was returned to normal.

Which, sort of happened when Billy started hanging out with Steve.

And by hanging out, they were *fucking* .

Like, balls out in the back alley behind the arcade while the kids spent all their allowance, fucking. Like, thank god this lube is waterproof because pool sex is awesome, fucking. Like, biting leather seats to keep from shouting in the parking lot, fucking.

Like, why even buy condoms anymore neither of us don't fuck anyone else, fucking. Like, we're a little in love and missionary is kinda nice sometimes, fucking.

Or something like that.

And somehow, during all that *plowing* , Tommy had caught wind of

Billy spending time with Steve and took it as a sign to get the fuck *over himself* and crawl back with his tail between his legs.

Ask if they could start over, or some shit.

Yeah, maybe Steve had almost said *no* because it would have been so *fun* to make Tommy look pathetic, dick in hand like a sad sack of shit asking for his friendship back. But Tommy had been his best friend for almost a *decade* . And, yeah, he'd sort of missed the guy.

So they'd made nice.

Smoked a few bowls, played some Call of Duty and caught up on years of bullshitting. Sometimes with Billy, sometimes without. But mostly *with* -- because Billy's home life is a goddamn episode of Jerry Springer and Steve would rather his boyfriend live until his eighteenth birthday so they can get the fuck out of dodge. But that's neither here nor there.

Like, that's one good silver lining out of having fucking *absentee* parents. He and his boyfriend have christened every surface in the house and only the maid knows about *that* . There's only so much Glade candles can mask and come is one of *those smells* .

The shit just *lingers*.

But, bless her heart, Evelyn loves him so he's fairly confident she won't rat to his parents.

So they usually party at Steve's place, the three of them. Carol shows up on occasion, but Billy tends to send her home *crying* so Tommy flies solo when they want to get really fucked up.

Like, they're *young* . Time to find their limits, right?

And it's all fun and games until Billy gets *horny* . That's when he starts dropping hints that he's gotta go home, that his old man will be *waiting* . And Tommy follows suit, files after Billy out the door and drives home while Billy circles the block and strolls back in the front.

Sometimes they make it up to a bed before they're at it like animals. Sometimes poor Evelyn is mopping up the smeared remains of an

impromptu tryst on the floor.

Regardless, they have a dance and the three of them stick to it.

Until one night, Billy asks the question, quietly, into Steve's ear.

"He ever suck your cock?"

Granted, they're pretty fucked up and Steve's sure that whatever weed Billy bought off Jonathan is like, a super spliced hybrid mutant weed, because he can feel Billy's words on his skin like fingers.

"Nope." He answers, watching Tommy text Carol on the other end of the couch, momentarily distracted by his crumbling relationship while Billy and Steve watch unnoticed. "But he totally would."

And *that* . That is all Billy needs to know and Steve can practically *hear* the wheels turning in his boyfriend's head.

"Think he'd let you fuck him?" He asks next and Steve sighs, bites on a lip as he thinks.

"Probably." Is the answer he lands on, shrugging one shoulder. "Maybe not." When he meets Billy's gaze, the blue eyes locked on him are *burning* . "Taking my dick is a task."

Billy cackles, and Tommy looks over. Grins. Loose and stupid.

"What's funny?"

And Steve's expecting Billy to *lie* , to say something stupid like *your face* .

"Steve thinks you can't take his dick." He giggles, like the comment isn't freaking *weird* and Tommy's face turns the color of a cherry, darkest around his cheeks. Billy sticks out his tongue to catch the tip of it between his front teeth. "He has a really big dick."

Tommy, to his credit, tries to play it off like it's all a good joke, laughs as he tips his third beer back and drains it. But Steve can't look away, can't fake a laugh because he's awestruck at the way his ex-best friend is blushing so hard he looks sunburned.

“Yeah, how would you know, Hargrove?” Tommy retorts in a half-hearted croak. Like he knows the answer and doesn’t know if he can handle hearing it out loud.

“Because he fucks me with it whenever I want.” Billy purrs.

And Tommy’s eyes go wide, latching onto Steve’s face like he needs confirmation.

Steve hadn’t actually anticipated ever telling Tommy he and Billy were a *thing* . He actually hadn’t planned on telling anyone to their faces, opting to run off with him after graduation and probably rent some crappy apartment in Chicago. Maybe elope after college and call themselves married. All romantic and shit.

But he’d never planned on having *this* conversation.

So he isn’t really prepared when he shrugs lamely and says, “Sure.”

Tommy’s face sort of twitches on one side and neither Billy or Steve miss the way the guy shifts his weight on the couch, like he isn’t sure what to do.

Billy, of course, knows exactly what to do.

“You ever wanted to fuck a guy, Hill?”

And like, the obvious reaction from an idiot like Tommy would be sputtering and name calling and maybe some sweating. But Tommy just looks fucking *scared* .

Like someone’s reached into his head and found his deepest darkest secrets and posted them on facebook.

Something about that fear loosens Steve’s lips and he leans into Billy’s side, slides one of his palms down his boyfriend’s thick thigh and turns his head, speaks right into Billy’s ear.

“Don’t scare him, Billy. He’s *straight* .” It’s a complete fucking *lie* but he sells it, waving a hand at Tommy before he says, “Ignore him, he gets horny when he’s high.”

And Tommy seems to snap back to reality, his face sliding from horrified to some sort of controlled neutral.

“So you two...” Then he gestures between them, setting his beer down on the coffee table. Billy looks a fox in a hen house when he grins.

“Fuck.” He puts enough emphasis on the word that Steve feels a little spit land on his arm and he wipes it away, makes a face in Billy’s direction. “It’s okay, Tommy boy. You can say it.”

“Billy—” Steve tries to intercede, a little nervous that the polite weed-sharing equilibrium between them and Tommy is moments from shattering. That the guy is seconds from freaking out and running off, spreading rumors to cover up the fact that he’s definitely sporting a half chub under his sweats.

“You ever wanted to suck Stevie’s cock?” Billy blurts out instead *easing up* which is just *true to form*. And Tommy swallows. Dry and clearly audible from across the couch until he laughs. Fake and hollow.

“No?” He laughs again. And again. While Billy just watches him, eyes dancing in the dim living room lighting.

“Bet you’d be good at it, with those fat lips.” Billy adds, turning to Steve to stare him down. “Bet he could swallow on his first try.”

And then the look in Billy’s eyes turns incendiary.

“What’s the point, Hargrove?” Tommy asks, his voice finally something closer to solid and less like trembling prey. “You got a thing for me or something?”

Steve almost sighs. Stupid, *stupid* Tommy.

“Maybe I wanna watch Steve fuck that big mouth of yours.” Billy purrs, turning so he can suck at the Steve’s throat, right above his collarbone where he *knows* it’ll get Steve hard as *fuck* in no time. Add to it the hand in Steve’s lap, petting at his cock and coaxing it to thicken against his leg.



Yeah, he's pretty turned on. By Billy moaning against his neck, by Tommy *watching* and by the idea that Tommy isn't goddamn *running* .

He's just watching them, eyes locked on Steve's crotch and Billy's insistent tugging.

For a second, he almost feels *bad* . Like they've ambushed Tommy into admitting he's got a thing for dick and forcing him to *confront* it, all in one go. So he holds back, pets Billy's curls and softly says, "It's okay if you want to go." He looks Tommy in the eye, gives him an out that doesn't embarrass him. But the guy doesn't look relieved. He doesn't look like he's *leaving* either. "Billy, baby." Steve whispers, turns so he's meeting his boyfriend's eye when he lifts his head. "Maybe it's time for you to go *home* ."

And that's when Tommy snaps into motion.

"I forgot my jacket here once and came back for it." Billy stops looking at Steve and slowly turns his gaze to Tommy, who swallows hard and licks his lips. Like he's made a choice. "I came back and saw the Camaro in the driveway."

"Ohhhh." Billy leaves Steve entirely, turns his whole body towards Tommy. "Did you look in the window, Tommy boy? Did you peek?"

Steve can't *breathe* because the look on Tommy's face says he *had* and the idea that he'd watched them, or *hell* even just *seen* them, is making Steve's cock throb.

"What did you see?" He asks, stroking himself through his shorts now, no longer giving a *shit* whether or not Tommy is uncomfortable because the time for politely passing on whatever the fuck is happening between the three of them is long over. He's still sitting there. Tommy's made his choice.

"I saw you." His ex-best friend whispers, eyes shy as he looks over at Steve.

"Ooooh, he saw *you* , Stevie." Billy giggles and turns to wiggle his eyebrows over his shoulder. "Bet you were pitching."

"No." Tommy interrupts and Steve's entire body shivers.

“Catching, huh?” Billy rounds on Tommy again, inches closer on the sofa. “Did he look good with my cock in him?”

And like, yeah the words out of Billy’s mouth are doing Steve seventeen sorts of favors. He worms around on the sofa, uncrossing his legs so he has room to stroke the full length of his dick. He’s tenting his stupid gym shorts, the head of his cock round and obvious near his hip.

Tommy watches him stroke back and forth over his shaft with two fingers, making it obvious just how *fat* he’s become underneath.

“I think Tommy boy liked watching me fuck you.” Billy states quietly, like he’s suddenly afraid of breaking the trance between Steve’s cock and Tommy’s stare. “Did you see how wet Stevie gets?”

“Billy, *fuck* .” Steve’s hips jerk as a pulse of desire goes straight to his balls, makes him drop his head back. He’s been teased before, but *this* , this is new. This is driving him crazy and from the maniacal grin on his boyfriend’s face, he *knows* it.

“He gets so sloppy and it tastes so *good* .” Billy purrs. Tommy is gaping at Steve, like he’s forgotten Billy’s even there but the tent in his sweats is only proof that he’s *listening* as it gives a little wobble.

A kick of need.

“Bet he tastes good now.” Billy prods, standing up from the sofa and backing away, picking up what remains of his last beer. “Give him a taste, Hill.”

And Tommy’s eyes flip up to Steve’s face, like he’s asking, and Steve nods.

“If you want.” He offers before he forces his own hand away and sits back, lifts his hips in an invitation.

He’s expecting, again, for Tommy to chicken out and go running. For him to blush and mutter and maybe stumble on his way out the door while Billy cackles with glee. But what he’s *not* expecting is Tommy to slowly shift over on the couch, reaching out with one hand.

It's like déjà vu and they're thirteen again with Tommy running his fingers over the hard ridge of Steve's cock. Like he's just kicked his ass on Rainbow Road and now he's touching him, watching as Steve's lips part and he breathes out a shaky sigh.

But Tommy isn't thirteen anymore. Tommy's almost nineteen and he's probably imagined touching Steve for years, so his first attempt at stroking Steve is no longer timid, but experienced and *excited* as he presses down, grips with all of his fingers at Steve's pronounced shaft.

"That's it." Billy eggs him on from the coffee table where he's sat down, legs wide as he leans forward. "Feel how fucking big he is?"

Tommy nods, to no one in particular as he strokes Steve faster, eyes so big and wide and watching as he gazes up. Waiting.

"Go ahead." Steve murmurs, his face heating as Tommy looks down, slips his fingers into the waistband of his shorts.

He locks eyes with Billy over Tommy's head as his shorts are pulled away and his cock springs free. It's no surprise that his boyfriend is smirking, rubbing at himself through his jeans. But he's pulled away from the sight when he feels Tommy's doughy hands on his dick, grasping him around the base.

"Jesus." Tommy whispers and Billy laughs.

Because of *course* Billy laughs.

"Don't worry, Hill. It took me a few tries to get him down without choking."

And, like, if Tommy didn't look intimidated before, he did then. But Steve always knows what to say, just like he knew what to say when Billy first showed up at his door with a shiner.

"Just kiss it first." The blush on Tommy's face makes Steve smile a little, like the idea of Tommy being shy about kissing his cock is sort of cute. Which it is. But then he puts those big, dumb lips against the cusp of his head and Steve gasps a little, hips canting for more. "Tease me." He instructs.

And Tommy listens. First with little kisses to his shaft. Then little licks. Steve is only slightly surprised when his cock gives a firm kick and a drip of precome appears at this head, clear and sticky.

Tommy leans in close, flicks his tongue, and laps it up.

The sound out of Steve's mouth is tortured, and he'd be ashamed if he wasn't so *hard*. His cock throbs in Tommy's hand, pushing in his palm like *please please please* and Steve can't help but agree.

"Suck me."

The sound of Billy's zipper is masked by the delicious groan that tumbles out of Steve's lips when Tommy opens his mouth, takes the head of Steve's cock against his tongue and sucks. Just the tip, only a little. But it's a good suck, firm and warm and Steve throws his head back.

"Billy." He pants. And his boyfriend is there in a moment, capturing his mouth in a kiss. A hard kiss, one that says, *you belong to me*. And Steve moans for him, licks passed Billy's teeth until he can taste weed and beer and cheeseburgers from dinner.

But he can't focus on Billy for long. Not when Tommy slowly sinks on his shaft, taking inch by inch into his mouth until Steve is lifting his head, having to *watch* as his oldest friend swallows his cock all in one go.

"Holy shit." Billy whispers. "Looks like Hill's not as new to this as we thought." He adds in Steve's ear.

And like, *wow*.

Tommy opens his throat and bobs on Steve's cock until the sound of his throat catching on the head is *gross* loud in the room. He should be amazed that this is *Tommy* deepthroating him and not *Billy* but all that Steve's brain can process is that it feels so good.

So *fucking* good.

"Baby." Billy murmurs and Steve looks up, sees Billy stroking a full erection at his waist and he opens his mouth. Doesn't even have to

be *asked*.

And Billy feeds him his cock, fingers weaving into his hair.

The first time he'd sucked Billy's cock, they'd been rushing to get off, pushing on each other and stroking their dicks like apes. It'd been so clumsy and hurried that Steve doesn't really remember it. But *this*, he knows he'll remember.

He'll remember the time Billy fucked his mouth while Tommy swallowed his cock.

That's a memory he'd have to huff a lot of paint to forget.

"Fuck you're so sexy, baby." Billy says to him, his hand on Steve's jaw to ease his mouth open, guide the tip of his cock in just right so it presses against his cheek, shows off the blunt of his head in Steve's mouth. "All mine."

Steve *knows* what this is. This is Billy waving Steve in Tommy's face like the kids on the playground, like *I got it first*. But letting Tommy touch the toy. Taste the toy.

Steve wonders when Billy is going to realize that Tommy doesn't give a shit what he gets, he'll take it. He wonders when Tommy will realize how obvious it is that he'll take whatever he can get.

Honestly, the guy is *literally* drooling over him, sucking his own spit off the end of Steve's dick only to spit it back out again, rub it over the head with a hand.

"Someone's been watching porn." Billy teases before he reaches out to grab Tommy by the hair, yank his head back. Steve slowly eases off of Billy's cock, jerks him off as he waits for Billy to do something.

Vaguely, he wonders if Billy is crazy enough to set Tommy up like this only to beat the hell out of him for it.

"Get on your back." Billy orders, then pushes at Tommy's head until he's tipping backwards, falling on the couch with a muted *thump*. "Stevie's gonna fuck your face."

Which, yeah, *yeah* he's totally on board. Almost *too* on board as he crawls over Tommy's body, cants his hips down so his dick brushes against Tommy's cheek. His chin. When he reaches out to press his thumb against Tommy's chin, he pauses for just a moment, looks him in the eye.

"You good?"

"Yeah." Tommy's voice is *wrecked* but his nod is emphatic. Like he's not interested in *pausing* if it means he has to wait. So Steve presses on his jaw, opens Tommy's mouth wide, and pushes his cock passed his lips.

And with his hands braced on the arm of the couch, Steve loses himself in the slippery wet of Tommy's mouth as he starts a slow pace, thrusting further with each rock of his hips. He watches, looking down so he can see his cock disappear, see the way Tommy's throat bulges when he gets in *deep*.

The way Tommy watches him back, though, with watery eyes and spit all over his chin. That makes Steve tingle.

He feels himself leak onto Tommy's tongue and his friend coughs, gags on what must be *bitter* precome but swallows away the feeling.

"Tastes good, right?" Billy says from somewhere behind Steve's back, the slick sound of his fist over his cock all too familiar. He's getting off on this, for sure, watching Steve's ass as he fucks Tommy into the sofa.

Tommy moans around Steve's cock and Steve pets his hair. Almost affectionately. Like *good boy*.

And Billy slaps his ass.

"Bend over, Harrington."

Not *baby*. Not Stevie.

Harrington.

Steve groans, opens his legs and bends at the waist, giving Billy

access to exactly what he wants.

And what he's going to *take*, without asking.

The fat head of Billy's cock prods at his rim and Steve hisses, slows his thrusts as Billy pushes in without warning. Without prep, because he's *mean* like that.

But this wouldn't be the first time they've been too greedy to slow down. And Steve's so used to Billy, so *willing*, that he knows it won't take long.

A few aborted thrusts. Some spitting maybe.

But Billy shocks him, like Billy always does.

Leaning down, his boyfriend spits directly between his cheeks before he spreads them wide, diving his tongue into the pucker of his ass.

"Fuck, *Billy* ." He thrusts without trying, without *meaning* to and Tommy chokes, eyes red and watering when Steve pulls back, lets him breathe. "Oh god, *yeah* ."

Billy growls into his hole, licking savagely until it's just *obscene*, spitting once more until Steve can feel how *wet* he is. Can feel saliva dripping down his crack.

Tommy's watching Steve's face when Billy straightens up and presses the head of his cock to Steve's ass again, popping it inside the ring of muscle.

"Billy." He's helpless. Absolutely helpless from the scene before him, the sensations inside him. Billy slowly filling him while Tommy watches from below, sucking at the head of his cock. He's overwhelmed and he's shaking in Billy's arms, clutching at the hold around him.

Like, they do this on the regular but he's never had an *audience* before. Never had Billy so eager to get inside him that's he pushing the border between pain and pleasure.

Yet he knows if he hurts, if he cries out, Billy would stop. Billy would

stop everything if Steve asked.

And Tommy would do the same.

Looking down at his friend's flushed face, he knows he could tell Tommy to flip over and present his ass and he'd do it. He could stick his fingers in Tommy's mouth and make him gag and Tommy would *take it* .

He's always wanted this and it's just so *clear* now. It's all over his face as Steve straightens up and his cock pops free of Tommy's lips. The guy sits up to chase it and Steve cards his fingers into Tommy's hair, pants through his moans to say, "Open your mouth, I'm close."

Just as eager as before, Tommy nods, opening his mouth wide and using one hand to tug Steve's cock in time with Billy's pace. Gradual acceleration turns to something sturdy and regular, driving so hard Billy's balls are snapping into Steve's ass.

When he comes he doesn't warn Tommy. He doesn't *want* to and maybe that's a side effect of being with Billy too long, the mean streak of watching Tommy's jerk of surprise when the first rope of come hits him in the face, lands on his lip.

But the guy doesn't flinch away. He opens wider and fucking moans and Steve loses it, unloading on Tommy's tongue and mouth and even his chin, thick and heavy as it lands.

Billy is chuckling when he comes down, his mouth pressed into Steve's temple.

"Feel good, baby?"

"Yeah." He pants, clenching because he knows what Billy's *things* are and seeing Steve's come is *definitely* one of those things. Billy hisses, slaps Steve's ass as he milks his cock, using his muscles to squeeze tight when Billy pulls out and open wide when he drives in.

"You want it, huh?" Billy growls into his ear and Steve laughs, smirking when Billy yanks on his hair. "You want me to come in your ass?"



Tommy moans somewhere below but Steve is all about Billy.

Always was. Always will be.

You know, that *romantic shit* .

“Come in me, baby.” He begs, tilting his head so Billy can kiss him. Because, despite the filthy talk, Billy likes to kiss. Loves it, really. It keeps him affectionate, makes him sweeter. Makes him better in bed.

Not that he was ever *bad* .

But Billy Hargrove’s kissing game is 10/10.

He holds the back of Steve’s neck with one hand, stroking tenderly over the hair at this nape with a thumb when he lets out a little grunt and Steve feels heat coat him from the inside. Feels Billy pulse and push deep, bury himself where he’s happiest.

“*Fuck.*”

They both look down at Tommy at the same time, groggily remembering that *yeah* they aren’t the only ones in the room.

They’re not even the only ones on the *couch*.

Tommy’s wiped most of the come off his face, and Steve wonders idly if he *ate* it but realizes he really doesn’t *care*. All he cares about is the way Billy is nuzzling his neck, breathing into his shoulder.

“Well.” Steve says as he strokes Billy’s hair, leans back when Billy gives him his weight. “This was fun.”

And the look on Tommy’s face is almost comically shocked. Like he’s about to burst with all the protests of *what about me?! circling* in his head.

What about him, indeed.

“Time for bed, I think.” Steve says, patting Billy’s thick thigh. “Thanks for the great head, Tommy.”

Billy snorts into his shoulder and Steve grins.

“So. That’s it?” Tommy asks as Billy pulls away and helps Steve off the couch. “I thought...”

“You thought what?” Billy says, though his voice holds no bite. He’s too loose, now. Too pliant. Minutes from lying down and falling fast asleep. “That we were going to fuck you?”

And, well. Tommy sort of looks stupid when he shrugs, gets up off the couch and adjusts his crotch. The poor idiot.

“But Tommy.” Steve says as kindly as he can. “We don’t know where you’ve *been* .”